

(The Dream)

Law.

No vagrant-specter of matter, dream of mind,
Finds being, but it straightway finds a mate,
Calm, waiting to receive it, - its own Law.

With fascinated eyes men watch ^{The Law} this truth
Take quiet, sure possession of their lives
Through all the incidents that mark the years.

No change of state so quick, but ere it work,
The Law of the new state doth rise & come
With the slow ease of one who takes his own,
To grasp & hold & rule its every issue.

Fighting sting'd insects, kicking against pricks
Is all attempt to avert the course of Law:
As act, or say, or do but thinks a thought,
And such, and such, shall surely come to pass,
Eternal sequent of such act or thought.

^{Inevitable}
A agony of ever narrowing walls,
What closer, closer hedge in work & thought
And love and all of life! till the poor soul

12 p 2000
Over more straiten'd pangs for space to be!

~~At last~~
Glorious emancipation then to discern
The true face of the Law! That Law for us
Not we for Law exist; that Law is Will;
The present, personal, living Will of God
Whose every motion's born of a need
That presses on some creature of His care.

In a large place straightway the feet are set,
And all the faculties do stretch & play,
Expand themselves, break into vigorous life
In such full inspiration of high air.

~~Double space~~
Within our ken; - yet, - "after God's own heart;"
With thought of relaxation, lessened strain,
We seek the Spring of this accepted life: -

A sense of sin, by shame & sorrow measured,
Forgiveness, raising a white heat of love,
Of mighty trust, born of Almighty help, -
In no dead letter do we find these writ,
And in like characters is spell the tale.

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12p3cmc10

Of life in us; e'en to the fullest word
Of sorrow, love + hope that rushes out:
For not by measure is the Spirit's work;
And not by need: But out of His own fulness
Pours He forth, till hearts of common men
Find in the yearnings of the King's great soul
The very power of utterance they crave.

And is there nothing more? was it for this
That He, the David's Lord, is called his Son,
As tho' some kindred likeness dwelt in each?

When He stood offering to slow hands the key
Wherewith to open the Law, & none would take
Have ye not read, He said, how David said,
This pass to freedom ye do now reject?

III David's Spirit

A Presence, brushing his garments, fanning
His very cheek, is Law to every man;
Yet to dull souls a presence unperceived,
Things happening day by day, in order due,
To their latest day, but happen still.
Occasional glimpses flash on other minds
Of order plan & purpose in their lives

1294-16
More than they will of; yet are thus some
In the minute details of things immediate.
Others again, of intellect more quick,
Perceive the incessant-action of the Law;
Perceive, but to resist: or some, to bow
With a dull acquiescence, as to that
They have no power to hinder or to help.

But - if the warmth & depth & breadth & height
Of any soul that comprehends the Law
And comprehending, loves it! That looking round
Sees the commandment - is exceeding broad,
Looking within, sees it exceeding near,
Exceeding mighty - and exceeding sure!
That - looking up, discerns that Law is God!
And rapt in awe & wonder, saying still
Becomes enamoured of the loveliness
Fair order, use & goodness, that appear
In all the workings he has learned to know
As going forth of God. Henceforth for such,
All strife and bitterness have ceased from life;
Submission sweet, they learn their times to take
In daily portions as dealt out to them;
Meekly to bear, and as courageous, act.

2p41m6
Such, he, who could interpret when Christ taught
Of buoyant freedom to be found in Law:
He, whose sympathetic skill discerned
The hidden impulse in Messiah's heart.
The Law within - for he, too, loved the Law,
Not as his Lord, with love strong to fulfil
Strong only to adore and to desire!

2p5cm6
A soul attuned to order; & will to wait
The bidding of the Law or Christ's star;
A mind that with angelic apprehension
Should grasp the boundless reaches spann'd by Law;
Eyes that should see in all affairs of men
The inevitable sequence which doth yet
Produce as certain good - for this the Law -
And, scanning the great-universe, discern
In all the forms of God's creatures lines
That - blazon to the world his glorious Name;
Nor yet disclaim, as in the old star fable,
To predicate the destinies of men.

Such the large longings of this mighty soul:

It was not that he attain'd: alas, his life
All marr'd by error, strife & failure, proved
A sad submissive forfeit to the Law
He found no strength to keep. Yet not by this,
His wretched rendering of the thought within,
But by that thought itself - the broken it,

Yet still renewed, true purpose of his soul,
 Did his just-God interpret his poor life.
 'Enlarge my heart, for I they know would know!'

By this, his large desire, is he judged
 And so accepted: while more lawful lives
 That-compare the desires of smaller souls,
 Unpraised are passed by; and he alone,
 The man who well approved himself to God!

As when some mutual friend delights to dwell
 On traces of an absent-loved one's mind
 Till those who ne'er have seen, imagine well
 His ways, how gracious; looks & tones, how kind. -

So the best-Spirit for these wearying eyes
 Paints a true picture of our well-loved Lord;
 Living in its likeness, faith may rise
 Toward that full knowledge, her assured reward.

6 5m 19
Forecasts.
"Thy will be done!"
Master

12 p 7 cm 10

Patient! Thou wilt let me poor, -
Haughty and rich am I;
In self-dependence rich,
Presuming, hard, and high: -
Faith, looking on the coming years, doth see
Dark faults, sore failures, let to humble me. -
Thy will be done!

A mourner must I be:
And holy messengers
Hast have Thy presence left -
To bring me blessed tears:
Too soon they fail, and sins hot breath sweep by:
Then wilt Thou take the spot, and chew it me,
Till weeping, fain I turn to hide in Thee:
Thy will be done!

Meek wouldst Thou have Thy child: -
How little can I bear!
How seldom wait for Thee
Quiet within Thy care!
Thou through provokings, teach me to endure,
Bid errors make me of myself less sure:
Thy will be done!

A hungry, thirsting one
 Must Thy disciple be;
 And I so full! grown fat-
 In Thy gifts, leaving Thee!
 But- Thou wilt teach me want, or take away
 All lesser food, till Thou my only stay!
 Thy will be done!

Merciful as Thou art!-
 O how hard judgments rise!
 O this censorious tongue
 Evil discerning eyes!-
 Yet- His sweet-mercy will my King impart,
 If by no other way, e'en through the smart-
 Of pity withheld in my extremities:
 Thy will be done!

Pure, e'en in Thy pure eyes!
 Smile and free from guile;
 O when shall these vain thoughts
 Pure rising, meet Thy smile?
 E'en this Thou' Christ-is mine; Tho' it should be
 That first- through purging fires, Thou go with me
 Thy will be done!

Ruled by the Prince of Peace!
 How far from this my state.
 Off-striving for my own.
 Exact, harsh, cold!

No peace is found in me; but Thou wilt come
 And make this chafing bosom Thy sweet home.
 Thy will be done!

Thus I abide His time,
 For hath He thing not sworn
 That all these shall be mine
 And will not He perform?

If tender ways shall serve, such will Thou use;
 But smite, if need be; I would not refuse.
 Thy will be done!

Moses.

* * * * *

Hel. XI. 24 - 26.

Such entrance had the temples won to soul
Less single, faithful, free from self. For him,
The lesser praise of sacrifice is lost
In high Aedience, that perceives no choice;
In faith, so fixed on glories of the promise
That all immediate & more personal good
Devoid of lustre, shows, uncertain, dim,
Like men and trees & shapes of earth to eye.
Long filled with splendours of a western sun.
Happy the people are in such a case!
Ope, blest-are they in whom their God provides
Deliverer so meet!

"I come into his heart to visit his brethren"

Some souls there are, confined in given sphere,
Who feel within an energy divine
That could, with freer scope, do mighty things:
They see high work, unreach'd, around them lie,
The work our wiles witness claims as theirs,
But cannot reach it, - so hemm'd in as they! -
Wish for a thing enough, and strangely often
To importunity, though it be dumb,
The wish is given: then one day wake to find
Hindrances vanish'd, the work brought to their hand,
As with permit to test their fitness for it.
No weak mistrust of self their ardour damps,
With lofty confidence and fearless zeal

12p11cm610:
They essay their powers: the goal draws near: then, lo!
Some casual failure in self-mastery,
Some want-of judgment; tact- or reticence,
Makes shipwreck of the whole! Do they escape, -
Barely escape, seizing their lives as prey, -
Then, in the agony of self-abasement,
Which is but pride taking the lowest place,
That-so, no further fall be possible,
The condemnation issues from themselves
They had refused to read in spectacles
That hindered their advance: They are not-fit,
They never were, they never will be fit -
For aught-but-to escape from eyes of men,
And silent-crawl to an unhonoured grave!

"Moses was content to dwell with the man."

12p11cm610:
Only the warped in mind do fret and fume,
And spend their force in mad attempts to shift
The stubborn bounds that fix their place in life:
True natures acquiesce; - holding as creed,
That-Circumstance, a sacred oracle,
Speaks with the voice of God to faithful souls.

Content to dwell:

With Midian's shepherd-chief, & herd his flock, -
The only record of the Prophet's mind
In all these forty years.

High years! that stand
 As the red-letter era of our race:
 Days when a man did prove how high, how deep,
 Where man might reach in knowledge of our God:
 Height never soared, depth never sounded, since
 Save by the Son who shares his Father's being.
 O mystery of grace! that any man,
 Standing for forty years with open breast,
 Beneath the full down-streaming of the Spirit,
 Should be at last so utterly fulfill'd,
 Possessed, imbued with the mind divine,
 That apprehending human eye could meet
 The face of God:—that he, once among men,
 Should note the answering flow of sympathy!

Suffer

"Of such is the Kingdom."
 In the Kingdom are the children;
 You may read it in their eyes;
 All the freedom of the Kingdom
 In their careless humour lies.
 Very winsome are the children
 Yet what merit in their grace?
 Small the pains they take for goodness,
 Scarcely know they Duty's face.

Trail ~~and~~ faulty ~~as the~~ children,
Yet well pleasing to their King;
Little thoughts - they take to serve Him;
Yet the chosen offering bring.

Ours the weary, long endeavour;
Theirs, the happy entering in;
Ours to strive and wait and labour,
Theirs, to joy before the King!

Accept ye be as the children,
Ye have in my realm no place:—
A how meekly would we learn
The glad secret of their grace!

Not in holy, painful living;
Not in tears, nor e'en in prayers;
Not in white days, pure from sinning;
No such perfectness is theirs.

What do they to ^{let} earn the Kingdom?
Only this they leave undone—
Suffering Christ to reign within them.
They in nought ^{instead} ~~intend~~ His throne.

12p14 col 2
On the children's brows no wrinkles
That themselves do fill their thought;
In the children's hearts no strivings
That to them be honour brought.

Therefore greets the King an entrance;
Truly goes he out and in;
Sheds the gladness of his presence;
For the babes doth victory win!

And for this it is their angels
Go behold the face of God;
Never hicting their pure foreheads
For the charm of their beloved:

Uttering for the children praises,
Perfect, worthy of the King;
Promises that the babes consent to
Though they have not learned to sing.

But perchance, when childhood vanishes,
Self doth swell the bosom's lord—
Says all hush'd & veiled faces—
Come the angels to keep ward.

Patient - faithful, still they hover
Baffling many a fell attack;
But - all joyless in their labours
Till the King shall be brought - back.

Oh, the joy when one repenteth!
Sure his angel, eager, speeds,
Spreads the triumph through the heavens.
The glad hymns of victory lead!

Rest.

A rest-remaineth!-
Deeper than any thought of man,
Sweeter than any dream of man,
Fuller than any hope of man,
So conceive which hath not entered
Into any heart of man:

As the sunny air to the life of a bird,
As brooding sleep to the life of a babe,
As the brave sea to the life of a ship,
So the infinite, unutterable rest of God,
To the blest souls that are upborne thereon.

When in its extremest strait, a hopeless soul
Lies down beneath its burden, heaven's gates open,
And the soul, for one eternal moment,
Is taken in, and steeped & bathed in rest:
One moment in a life. Thus was it me:
A feeble body, and a brain o'er-fraught
With many thoughts and cares; a desolate heart,
Brooding o'er empty places in the earth,
Not to be filled again: life was too much;
The fainting body and more languid soul
Made plaint, for voice too feeble, Lord! how long!

And then it came:
The revelation of the infinite
Eternal rest of God:
It came: but how to tell of it!-

12 p 16 am 10

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Then to live out - all possibilities
 Of love and help.
 Of counsel and support -
 That now but mock

These slow unloving wills: to dwell unseen
 Among our own beloved, a ghostly screen.

And love them with a passion purged from self,
 That - as an air
 Tenders, should wrap their lives,
 No ever yet -

With any waywardness: to lay their cares,
 And with pure spirit promptness, help their prayers.

If this were life! Not only for our own
 Would we have help
 Laid on us, but for all
 Whose pain now moves.

Whose thoughts inspire, - all life that any way,
 If only in fond dream, in ours doth play.

And not unmoved or self-imposed, our tasks,
 Was bidden
 By the dear Word of God,
 Willing His Will.

In the low rest of meekness were our ease.
 So working still. Should we from labour cease.

CLM/KM

The little girl is sad - what troubles her?
 But - fresh the hurt, & will not bear just yet
 The touch of words, so, "Nothing," she replies.
 Further urged, the reticence sweet instant
 Casts o'er feeling drops aside, and, "A poor man,
 No food, no friends, no bed to lie upon; -
 Now has she words for more, for tears & sobs -
 That leave the little frame with holy passion,
 An agony of pity. -

12 p 19 cmc 10

Thy springing heart, a
~~As a little child's again.~~
~~Meeting all the former pain,~~
~~Thy spirit washed in the great rain~~
Is joined with the ^{temporal} ~~perpetual~~ ^{earthly} ~~eternal~~ ^{new} ~~old~~ ^{birth}
Of souls new washed to their new birth,

'The Valley shall be exalted.'

Som hearts there be that lie so low,
The moaning sea doth overflow,
The sea of Desolation:
Both overflow and not retire
Till turned the substance be to mire,
As ere the first-creation.

O wherefore lie these hearts so low
What-working hath depressed them so
That they invite this ocean?
The pressure of self-consciousness,
Of self-perceived unpleasantness,
Draws floods of vain emotion.

So low they lie in vain the King
Soweth His good seed to bring
And sow them for the reaping;
At each step sink the devious feet;
No way he makes; for all is meet.
The place is made with weeping.

12 p 200 m
But-sure tears best-prepare the land
For seed cast-by the blessed hand
Of Christ-the kindly Sower!
Aye, tears that have their spring in love,
That-pierce for piercing him doth move
These fertilize the more.

But-tears that mourn an idol's fall
An idol that doth yet-enthral
Though known a thing polluted,
A self-abor'd and cherished still,
Still chosen superior of the will, -
What-help for such depths einted?

The King Himself shall fill the place;
Layer on layer, His clear grace
Shall sink, until it raises
A path his feet may tread upon.
A level tranquil plain, whereon
Fair fruits shall shew his praise!

Grief.

Then it was true:—

We two were one, though in two bodies housed:
And he is dead: and I, — I am no more!
How sure my sister's hap and woe had power
To move.—

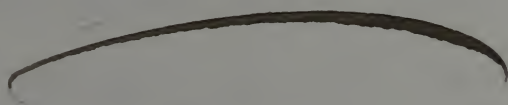
The fifth! the poor home-father first;
Then Lily and Wilhelm in their bright strong youth;
Then, — oh, my heart! — and now poor Lili's spouse.
There is no worse to come. No worse can come.
And the poor Mother's dazed wonderment
Of woe, the look, as of a child astray
That cannot find its bearings in the crowd,
Is fixed in many a Mother's eye in our
Poor town, where every house weeps for its dead.

But oh, my desolation! They know not;
Nor have I tears for them. My Beautiful!
My Life! who didst fulfil my days with rest,
Rest from vain longings and self-questionings!
The trick of being happy grew so strong
That — sometimes I forget, and this poor heart
Beats fast: — as though the wanted step could stir
Its pulses more; — then memory wakes again
And one dull thought, that each might be the last!
Smells out my life.

Oh, the brave heart! —
That hated war, but loved the Fatherland!
That hated war, but could not hate the foe.

Seeing in every face some hearts Beloved!
 Oh, that he, the tender soul, the loving,
 Should have been torn & pash'd with frightful wounds,
 And die in worst extreme of agony!

They talk of thousands slain; of thousand homes
 Left desolate: I cannot weep for these:
 My life is dead! and I, as a poor corpse
 Stirr'd with palvornic life, unconscious ape
 Th' accustomed motions.



p22 cmc 10

22p23 cmc 10

Murillo's Picture -

Child of Art, spirit-born,
Our thanks we give
For the still holiness
The fair child, innocence
And the worship embodied
In thee that live!
We'll wait to make thee rise
Thou woman pure:
Held by no chains of sin,
No earth-bound hopes within,
Drawn to Centre above thee,
Thy course were sure.

Knowest how high thou art,
God-seeking soul?
Above all earth's clamour,
Above the moon's plannet,
Above the thick clouds which still
Over us roll; -

May, thy sweet-majesty
Knows not its state:

Into thy joys pure deep
 No sense of self could creep
 And leave thee unconscious still.
 Child-like and great-

In air we breathe not yet-
 Thy soul doth soar,
 We climb the heights of prayer
 Only by efforts rare,
 Higher still is thy dwelling,
 Thon dost adore!

The power of the Highest-
 'Tis thine to know:
 In fearing the mystery,
 Adoring the Majesty,
 And loving that Love supreme
 All thy powers flow.

What need for the Seer
 Who for men brought;
 From the innermost shrine
 Heath the Shadow divine.

CHAP 10
That face, in its ^{pure} ~~innocence~~ ^{innocence} ~~foolishness~~
Hushing our thought?

22 p 25 cm 10
The mind the true prophet
Covets alone:
That the truth he reveals,
The inspiration he feels,
Make the hearts of his fellows
Burn as his own.

12 p 26 v. 16
"There is no beauty -"

Fairer than all the sons of men
Lovely beyond our loveless ken
The beauty of the Lord our God upon Him
Wherefore sayest thou we should not desire Him?

A Sacrifice with red wounds scar'd -
Ah, pity He should be so marr'd!
But - dear love, lo! these are these stripes upon Him
And more than any grace do bind us to Him.

Not cherish'd of our love alone -
Our need his every mark doth own:
Hungering and hopeless, we, save for his dying
In evil state, without the fates were lying.

If this were all the tale! sure none
But fair and dear the Lamb would own:
But there is more; who tasteth his salvation
Must, dying, live in Christ - on long oblation.

2p24 cmc 10
Fast-Bound, a living Sacrifice
With silent lips and patient eyes,
And pierced hands, that grasp not any treasure
And nailed feet, that move not on his pleasure.

Looking, our hearts do sink in fear;
Seen from afar, how fair! Drawn near,
The vision of the Lamb appals! Core paineth
Us this continuous Dying that constraineth!

Our Saviour! now, thy day of power,
So make us willing in this hour
To bear about thy Dying in our bodies,
That fruit of our mortal pangs, thy Life arise!

"Increase our Faith"

A cord there is, which heaven doth use to bind
Two lives in one: - with such considerate care
In joining each to each, that thus they grow,
The two, one higher being: the strength of each
Is strengthened in the beauty, beautified;
While the three places in each character
Preceded and sustained by strong parts in the other
Do safely so endure the wear of life.

Of three bright differing strands this cord is spun:
Two from a heavenly loom, are straight run out,
While from his substance man the third doth fetch,
Just as some spider draws wherewith to make
Her web from her own body: yet is this
A heavenly product like the other twain,
But differing from them, in that from the first
It was lodged in man's bosom: - or less or more
According to the will that draws upon it.

This, 'tis his part to take, & wind with those
In triune strength invincible. Should he fail,
Is drawn with unguessed, or uncertain hand
The other two, still running out to seek:
Full measure of this third wherewith to twine
Knotted & tangled grow, & fret the lives
With many a let and hindrance, they had else
Bound in fair symmetry & entire strength.

Two from the heavenly loom, are straight run out,
While from his substance man the third doth fetch,
Just as some spider draws wherewith to make
Her web from her own body: yet is this
A heavenly product like the other twain,
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Knowledge and Love and Faith, - of these is spun
The cord that knits two souls in Friendship's bonds;
That threefold cord, not to be broken soon.

No bidding of the will may summon Love,
And not of duly noted acts and words
Comes the perception of another's being:
As little of ourselves are these, as moods
Of gloom and gladness born of changes wrought
In the quick face of Nature.

Too much we think
To rule ourselves, the while our Author holds
Our spirits all responsive to His touch,
And plays upon them with His winds & light,
And mystic influences in the air,
And mystic sympathies with men & things -
All in our eyes too light for passing thought,
Which yet do mould us into that we are.
But glorious bliss or we come not of us,
Receptive power is lodged in every breast;
All may reject or take, and this it is
That rules the dipping pilot of human lives:
Open thy being wide - it shall be filled;
Suspicious guard all outlets, - sadly to prove
The aching famine of our warped heart.
According to thy faith, the friend thou knowest;
According to thy faith, shall prove thy God!

A Lycamore, our neighbour's tree, not our.
 But-as we make things ours by loving them;
 A tree of common aspect, save to us
 For whom it is a type of all fair things:
 For not-in its own sake we count it dear.
 But-as it holds a key to many a store
 Wherein the heart-keeps pleasant thoughts+ hopes,
 And memories of brightness, ever fresh;
 And every change, by changing season wrought-
 Its work of passing breeze or varying light,
 Finds sure response in our as changeful moods.

The flick'ring sunlight-dances through its leaves,
 Making cool brightness with soft-shade between
 In thousand airy chambers; at the spell
 Green forest-glades and waters bright beswept
 And sunny hills with cloudy shadows flecked
 And faces, in their play of light and shade.

Grateful as trees in summer - obedient - flit -
 In a like fairy maze through weary brain.

Its branches fringed with feathery tassels, sway
 With lazy motion on the wind; and straight,
 All graceful visions ever seen or dream'd
 Come floating, gliding, shimmering on the sense,
 With melody of motion silencing
 Such "discords as invade the spirit's ease".

For thus and numberless such ministries
 A tree, one by itself, has thus become.

Unrest

Small town is leisure in these restless days:
 Rather we crave that every moment find
 Us taxed to weariness of limbs & mind,
 Mind weariness that e'en unrest obeys!
 For so, how life on our tense spirits weighs
 In heavy pauses for our ease assign'd,
 When needful occupation lays behind,
 And, choosing its own path, the spirit strays!
 Aching and longing, quivering with unrest,
 For which the moment-fair shows cause & name:
 Friends trust us not enough, or cares infect,
 Or our own evil grieves, or wrongs inflame:-
 The cause is one: at issue still with life
 The soul seeks ease in cries - its peace through strife!

IX.

plash

Rest—

Peace and joy will! play and peace! Sweet Peace!
 A grateful cadence strikes on the still ^{quiet} ear
 As liquid fall of oar on waters cool;
 And life's long, passionate endeavours cease;
 From turbulent desire comes release;
 And restless thought is under perfect rule
 Sitting meek scholars in the Master's school.
 I hope that to the meek shall scope increase—
 We shall not strive nor cry, nor in the street
 For any deed of His, shall lift His voice:—
 But One among the sons of men is meet
 For the mild play of this praise. Rejoice,
 When cries are hushed in their strife at an end—
 The King holds court within—^{your} O soul attend!

X

X A Man of sorrows.
(A Thrift-Lord for Lent.)

O soul, and whence is this to thee!
Wouldst know if so great marvel be
That thy one Lord should condescend
To dwell thy close abiding friend?

Ash not alone of gracious moods
When peace ^{with words} a healing shadow broods,
And meekness, love, & patience sit
Disciples, at those wounded feet.

If Christ doth truly dwell in thee,
Uneasy Innate will He be:
A heavy Presence, sighing, sad,
Shall oft defy thee to make glad

With any joy that sense can bring:
In vain thou sterrist thy heart to sing
As though no care oppress'd thy state;
A Man of sorrows, He doth wait

Till thou be moved to hear his plaint;
 Till thou perceive it is thy taint
 The plague spot of an alien heart
 That moves him to so sad a part!

And then, - ah, when, his grief made thine
 When penitence, sharp grace divine
 Both the corrupting spot atone
 In tears, all his and yet thine own, -

Thy springing heart a child's again,
 Forgetting all the former pain,
 Is jocund with the temper'd mirth
 Of souls new-washed to their new birth!

143
A Parable.

A father, who his sons would send
To goal remote for weighty end
First-called, & bound on each the load
Whose conduct-safety upon the road
Was their chief care: on each that share
His strength just-fitted him to bear.
At first scarce noting that they bore
Arise the burden presses sore
Upon the weaker of the two.
The father, wise, had, out of view
Bound on their backs the load; now he
Both bring it round, its bulk to see:
Then in his hands both poise, and sigh,
And to his comrades doleful cry,
My brother, do but feel the weight!
How walk sustaining such a freight?
Nay, brother, let one ease on thee
But one end of my load, so we
May go with equal pace. - Agreed;
But ever tardier proves their speed:

uneven steps, ill-balanced weight-
Doubles for each his former freight.-
Good brother, couldst thou bear the whole!
I know thee strong, a valiant-soul,
And I so weak! full sweet-it were
Thus onward in thy strength to fare!
Forgetting that he bears behind
The brother yields, ere long to find
A wisdom surer than his own
Had given a burden, which, alone,
Was all his strength could well sustain:-
Now, thou must take thy load again,
It is too much; & why shouldst thou
Go free, whilst I twice-burden'd bow?
Whereat his brother plains & frets
But still to take his load forgets:-
I thought thou couldst me; now I know
Thy fondness but a treacherous show!-
Thus, hearts divided, thenceforth they
Fall out-and strive upon the way!

All other burdens men may share,
And brother-kind, for brother bear;

12 p39cm10

Buttercups.

Sleek cows, deep grass, and Buttercups
To speak out for the rest; the golden-mouth of
Chrysostoms of the field, to cry, behold,
Was ever found so goodly! - Kidneys of wheat
Milk, flesh of herds, & fruits find sweet voice
In depth of yellowness that feeds the eye! -
Give it one good long look, this Buttercup;
First, gazing from your height - you see it - soft
Velvety in its richness, stooping - behold
It clear and cool and bright - the veriest type
Of a land full without satiety!
Mark next: its bearing, how it holds itself
As one at ease, round & compact of being,
Blest with generous store of all good things:
Good things, not thoughts, are hint - this foldency
Offers of strivings and aspirings, born
For most part of felt barrenness. Ah, well!
To dwell at ease in the land is one good thing;
And by our Lady Rose, the Buttercup -
With force to make the palate of the inner
Senses waxes, and stir deep breaths of fulness
And desire - well symbolizes England's pasture,

(The Descent in the Wilderness:)-
I Of Treariness.

A solitary place - a heaven of brass.
Fierce shivering, pitiless:
For thy poor feet no sword of yielding grass -
O'er rugged ways of iron thou must pass
In painfullest distress:
The very dew forget their tender power;
A smothering hail of dust - the only shower.

And Duty barren Duty, all around
As stones of iron, cold;
And Law, fierce & lawless Law, the dreary bound.
That all thy heaven shuts in: nor fount is found
Nor stream, nor sheltering fold;
No ease no hope no human love to bless
Thy faintings in this hungry wilderness.

But list, a voice - sure, friendly is the tone -
 Nay, hath God set thee here,
 And doth He offer for thy meat - a stone?
 Then is it that He knows they will alone
 Can bid abundant cheer;
 Absolve thy toils, sit soft & take thine ease,
 And lo, these stones shall feed, this deed please

Hence Channery, wise as false, who know it well
 With truth to trick, they tale! -
 These stones in earth yield meat to holy spell:
 Take thy tasks to thee, selfish aims expel -
 So, comfort shall not fail!
 Thy choice, as His, to do the Father's will -
 Behold, the Word that bids is Bread to fill!

12p42cm10

II. Of Disappointment.

A soul with folded powers
Lies cowering close: the hours
Hang heavy on the wing
As birds of night, not sing
For joy, nor soar in hope,
Nor ask for any scope!

Since yesterday, how long!—
As a forgotten song,
Familiar in old days,
Lost 'long ago' shall raise,
And yet bring back no part
In the old stir of heart—
Then thus is yesterday!
So wholly pass'd away!

~~Ah, then, how full was life!~~
~~With what fair purpose ripe!~~
~~How, hurrying to meet for~~
~~Went busy thought, to close~~
~~The swift event to meet~~

~~Dearest unperfected feet!~~
~~Indignant rose a lord,~~
~~All fulness his sword,~~
~~And friends, a spacious cloud~~
~~Of water, above~~
~~Spoke hopes that only stored~~
~~The trem'ling soul that heard!—~~

O how one little cloud
 A whole bright-heaven may shroud!
 How one unkindly smart—
 Shall desolate the heart!
 Life's promise hollow found,
 How shifts the solid ground
 From 'neath despairing feet!
 What place is there meet—
 When self stands prob'd and torn,
 Of love and promise chorn?

The Kingdoms, ah, the Kingdoms!
 The glory of the Kingdoms!—
 A singing voice shall soothe,
 Soft promises shall smooth
 Bride's risen crest: behold,

For every brightness fled
 Some grander glory shed!
 The poor self stripp'd & scorn'd
 Stands graciously adorn'd
 With beauty, praise and power,
 A very princely dower!
 And all shall feel the glow;
 Cold friends shall live to know,
 To feel as fiery coals
 Dropp'd in unloving souls,
 The goodness from them cast,
 The old love from them pass'd:—
 Nay, living yet to bless
 Through all unworthiness!—
 With constancy divine
 To pour a flood benign
 Of benefits and graces
 On the abashed faces
 So coldly turn'd away
 From th' sore need of to-day!

O crying Voice, how sweet!
 O Comforter discreet
 Who know'st so apt a strain

To charm away the pain!
What guerdon for thee must
Thou bring of voice so sweet?

So small, scarce shalt thou feel
Thou pay 't: thou must kneel
And name one Lord. No dread
That thus another head
Thou own 't; but call thine own
These glories to thee shewn,
In dream or in desire
To such sole state aspire,
And lo, the debt's condon'd,
My sovereignty is won!
For I myself would raise
And make thee thine own praise,
Serving myself. Thou serveest me,
So well our mutual claims agree!

Soul, list! another Word.—
Trust not all spirits heard
In secret whispering thee,
But try them, whose they be.
They bid thee rule the king
For whom the days shall bring
Their fulness? False are they:
Who lives, lives but to obey.
They bid thee serve? They are of me,
Their fructing follow'd, well is thee!

offering

The Better Part.

Once, a little child, he pondered with wide eyes
on life's strange ways;
Seeing, noting, learning, wondering. - full of mar-
vels ever those days.

Found he time for pain & gladness, sin and
" goodness had their part.
Only Self had not obtained yet the lordship
of his heart.

This we know, tho' mute the story, this is true
of us and him. -

Next we see him stretch'd in anguish, aching
brow and tortured limb.

And the anguish all deserved, from his own
mouth judge his case;

Law defied and life despised, where for
mercy is there place?

Could we know the thoughts that wrought him
in those hours upon the tree!—
Carseth he the day that gave him life for
sin and misery?
Circumstances strong against him, does he
pity his own fall?
Or, all ordered in his favour, does remorseful
fear appal?

Does the present awful anguish dull his
senses to all beside?
From the terrors of the judgment, would his
cow'ring spirit hide?—
As a child again, he ponders thoughts where
Self has no concern;
Mid the agonies of dying, he doth wonder
mark and learn!

2p47cm10
Self is powerless to engage him while that
Other hangeth near;
All his soul is lost in worship, love discerning
Swallows fear.
Not his own life but that Other passes him
in swift review;
Such a life and such a Dying! - Sure his
Kingship must be true!

2p48cm10
Then his own need comes before him, - "In Thy
Kingdom think on me!"
In the Kingdom of the Child like has he
Shewn himself to be.
By no strange sovereign act of mercy does his
Lord accept that prayer;
But according to his promise that all
Child-souls shall be there!

Sloth.

How haps it that moyst all
The lusts that could entral
Yon Bible worthies to shameful fall.
Sloth shews not first.
Hell fromme occurst.
Where every pestilent root of ill is sowed?
Who slips, must erst have stood,
Have made his foothold good,
Have risen and kept him up, ere fall he could.
But who lies prone,
Such toils unknown,
May comfort him, - lapse for him is there none.
Full sum of ill doing is, leaving undone:
Had Saints of old been fain in sloth to sit,
The story of their days had not been writ.

Alas,
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